



SUDAN, 1794.



⟨FOR THE
DEMON'S
HEAD!⟩

⟨FOR THE
MASTER!⟩

⟨KILL THE
INFIDELS!⟩



⟨--NO
PLEASE FOR
ALLAH'S MERCY
PLEASE--⟩

ARHH



⟨PROTECT
THE MOSQUE,
STOP THEM--⟩

⟨--MY DAUGHTER,
PLEASE NOOO--⟩

⟨INSIDE!⟩

⟨SLAUGHTER
ANY WHO OPPOSE
US!⟩



«NYSSA!
TO ME!»

«YES, MY
MASTER!»



«(NEAR THE
QIBLA WALL!
BEGIN DIGGING
AT ONCE!)»

«YES,
MASTER, AT
ONCE.»



«(QUICKLY! HAVE THE **PACKS**
WITH MY **CHEMICALS**
BROUGHT INSIDE!)»

«YES,
MASTER!»

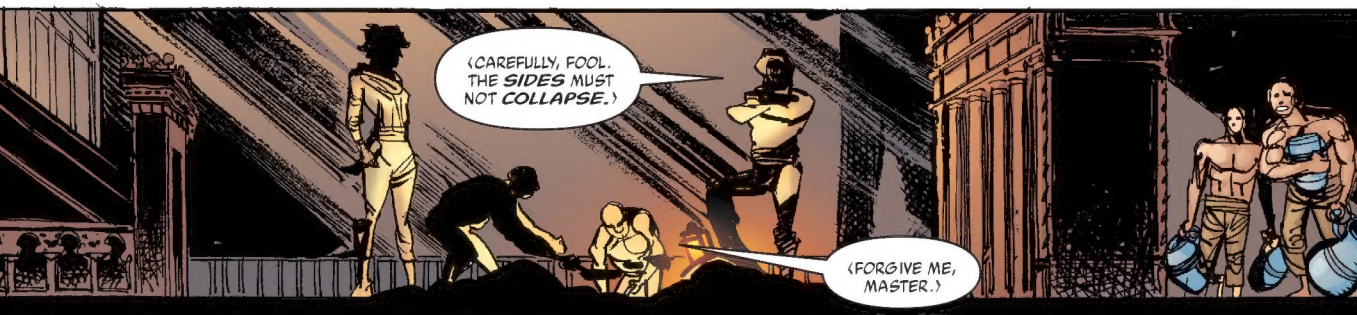


«YOU HAVE
LEARNED QUICKLY, MY
DEAR. YOU FIGHT
WITH **PASSION** AND
THIRST.»



«FOR YOUR
GLORY, MASTER, NOT
MY OWN.»

«WITH A
DOZEN MORE LIKE
YOU, WE COULD SAVE
THIS WORLD, YOU
AND I.»



«CAREFULLY, FOOL.
THE SIDES MUST
NOT COLLAPSE.»

«FORGIVE ME,
MASTER.»



«MASTER, YOUR
POTIONS AS
YOU ORDERED.»

«GOOD.
SET THEM
THERE, ON THE
FLOOR.»

«CAREFULLY.»



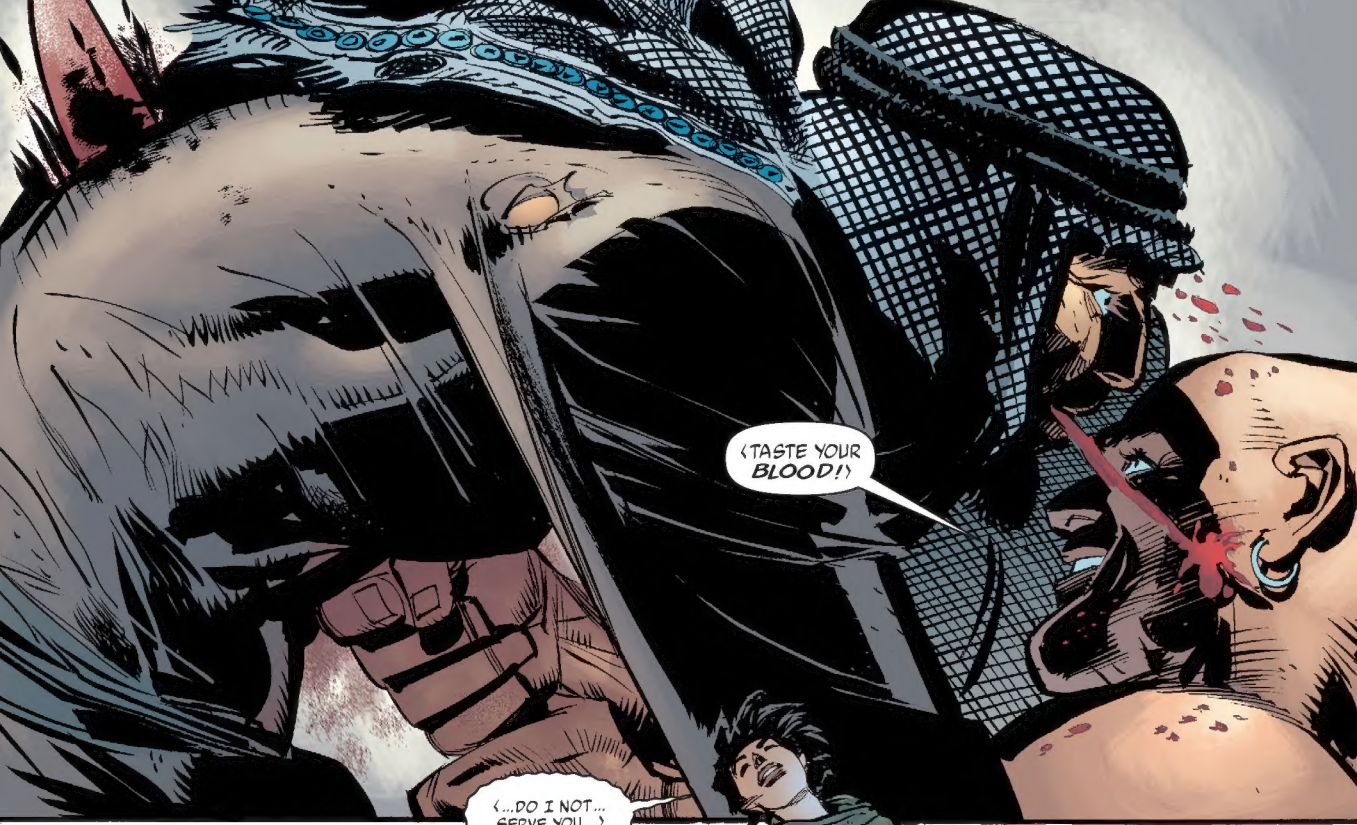
«WHERE IS THE
MERCURY?»

«I BEG YOUR
FORGIVENESS, GREAT
ONE, BUT I DO NOT
UNDERSTAND?»

«FOOL! THE
QUICKSILVER! WHERE
IS IT? THE PIT WILL NOT
WORK WITHOUT THE
QUICKSILVER!»









The living
are owned
by the dead.



Some more
than others.



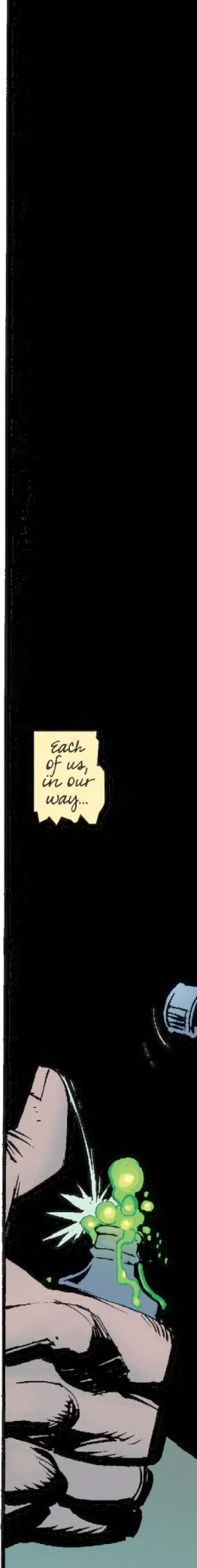
Perhaps
none more
than me.



Willing or not,
acknowledged
or not...



...each of us,
in our way,
bows to that
power.



Each
of us,
in our
way...



...surrenders...

NYSSA
PLEASE
FOR THE--

--LOVE OF
GOHKK--

HUSH.

LET IT
HAPPEN,
TALIA...

--G-G-GOD
CKK?

...BE AT
PEACE...

...I'M RIGHT
HERE...

...I WON'T
LEAVE YOU...

...I'LL
NEVER
LEAVE
YOU.

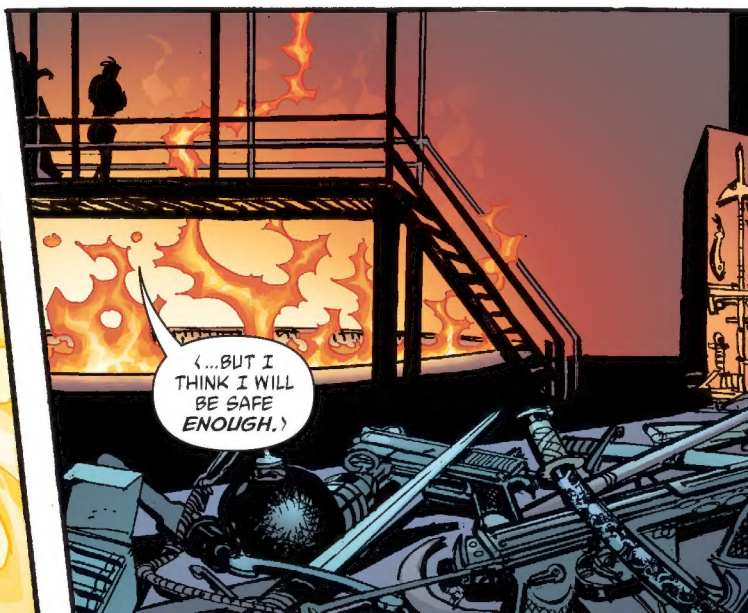
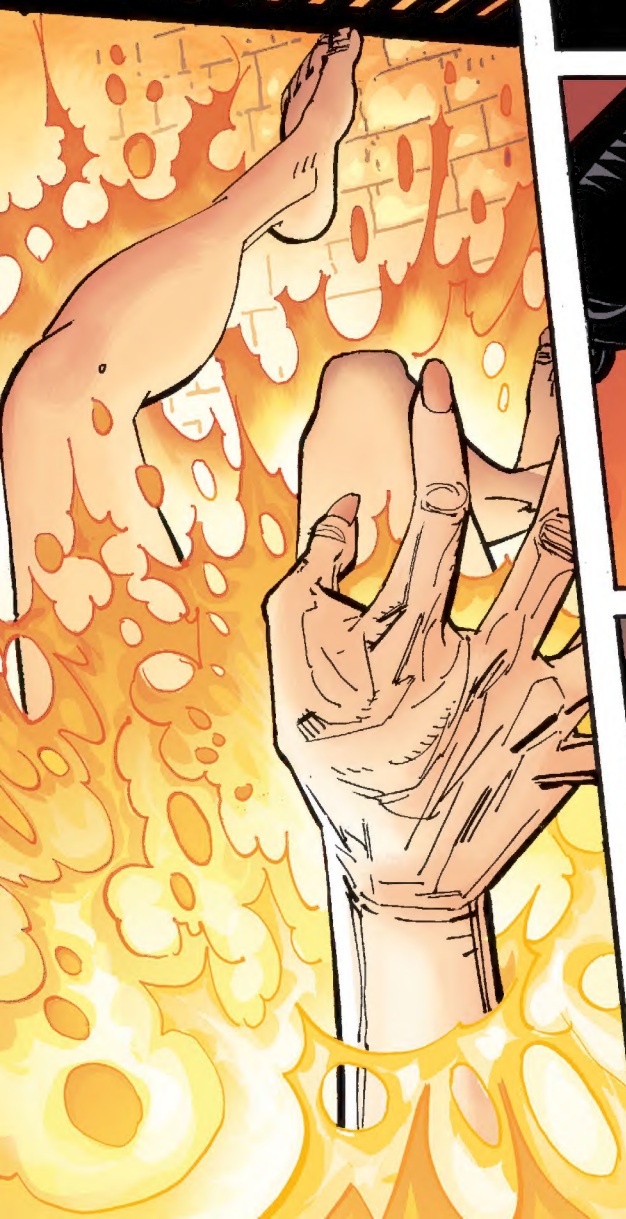


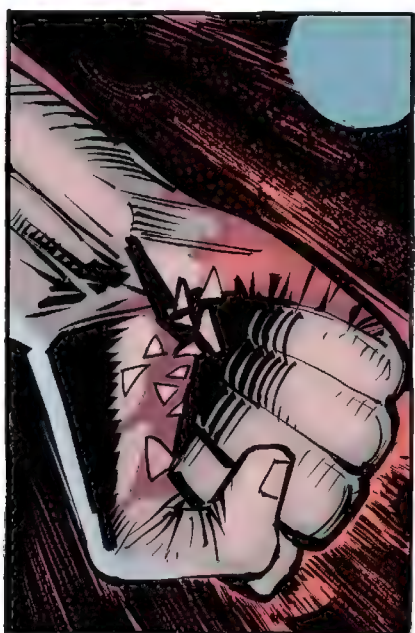
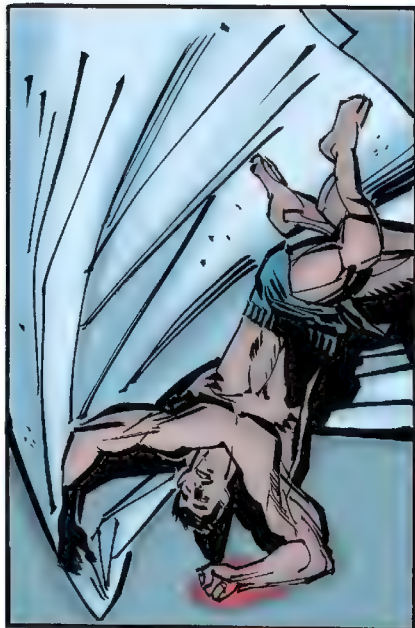
(SHE'S DEAD.)

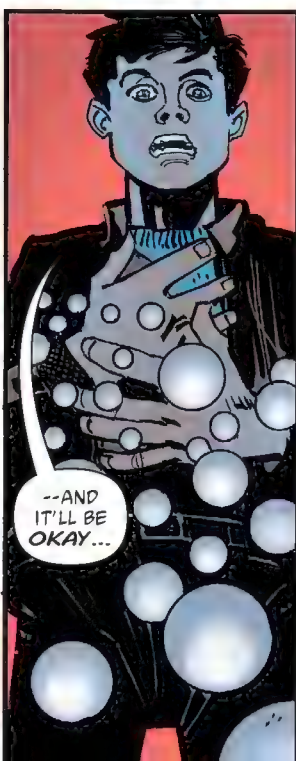
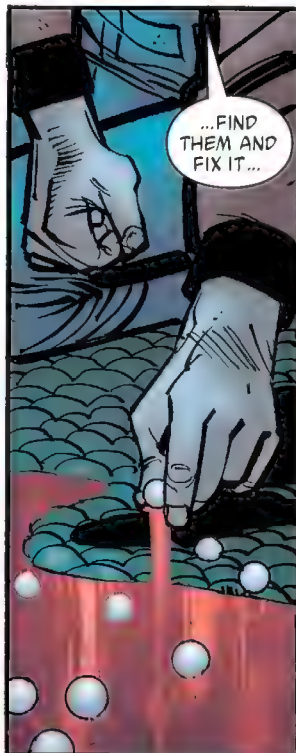


(FOR NOW.)











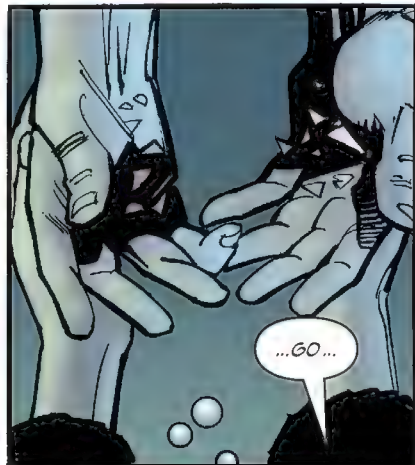
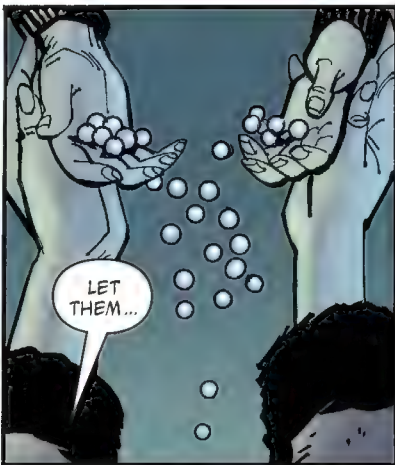
IT WILL
NEVER BE
BETTER.

IT WILL
NEVER BE
FIXED.

IT WILL
ALWAYS BE
THIS WAY,
BRUCE.



OPEN
YOUR HANDS
AND LET THEM
GO...





...I'VE
MISSED
YOU...

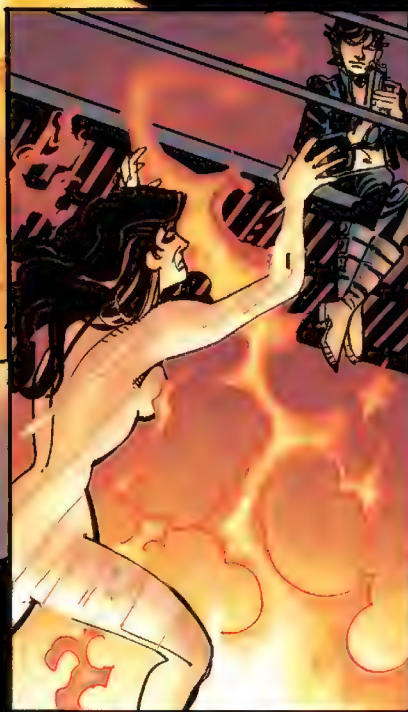
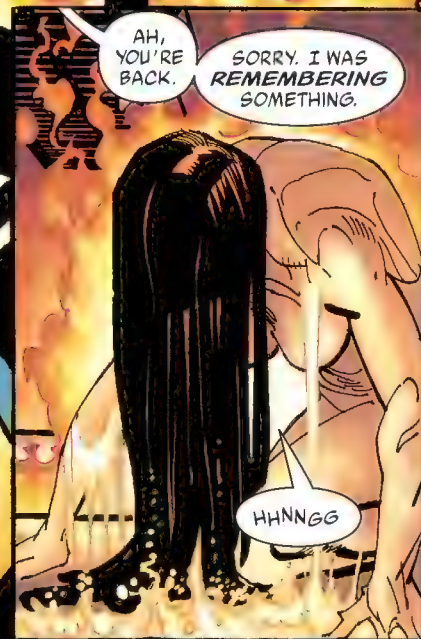
...SO
MUCH...

...SO MUCH
AND I'VE TRIED I
REALLY HAVE I'VE TRIED
BUT IT NEVER GOES
AWAY IT NEVER
STOPS...

HUSH...

...HUSH,
NOW,
I'M HERE.

I'M
HERE...





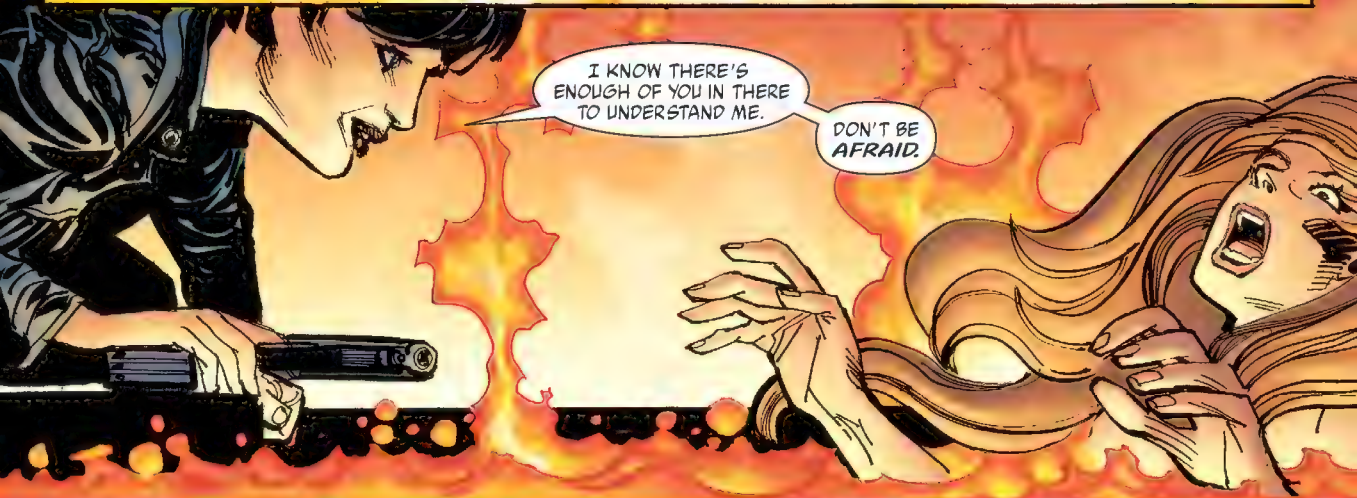
TALIA.

LISTEN.

YOU'RE ABOUT TO DIE AGAIN.



AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS, I'LL BRING YOU BACK AGAIN.



I KNOW THERE'S ENOUGH OF YOU IN THERE TO UNDERSTAND ME.

DON'T BE AFRAID.



I KNOW SOMETHING RA'S DOESN'T.

I KNOW HOW TO USE THE SAME PIT OVER AND OVER AGAIN. YOU'LL COME BACK. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT.



BUT WHEN YOU DIE *THIS* TIME, I WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHING.



I WANT YOU TO *THINK* OF RA'S. THINK OF HIM, AND WONDER...

...HOW COULD HE LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU?





YOU'RE NOT REAL.

OF COURSE I AM. WHAT KIND OF THING IS THAT TO SAY TO YOUR MOTHER?



A FACT. THE TRUTH.

YOU'RE DEAD.

ABSOLUTELY.

THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME ANY LESS REAL, DOES IT?



YOUR HAND CERTAINLY THINKS IT'S REAL.

A TRICK OF THE MIND. A HALLUCINATION, BROUGHT ABOUT BY WHATEVER WAS IN THAT DRINK RA'S GAVE ME.



MOTHER.

YES, DEAR?



I'M HERE, BRUCE.

HOW OR WHY DOESN'T REALLY MATTER, DOES IT?



THEN
WHERE IS
HERE?

GOTHAM.
CRIME ALLEY?
THAT IS WHAT IT'S
CALLED NOW
ISN'T IT?



YES.
IT'S
WHERE YOU
DIED.



MORE
THAN
THAT.
IT'S WHERE
YOU THINK YOU
WERE BORN.



OOH, IT'S
TOO COLD TO
STAY HERE.

LET'S GO,
BRUCE.



WHERE?

SOMEWHERE
ELSE. ANYPLACE
ELSE. IT'S BEEN
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS
SINCE I TOOK A
WALK THROUGH
GOTHAM...



...I'M CURIOUS
TO SEE WHAT HAS
CHANGED.





"(CLING TO ME, NYSSA...)"



"(CLING TO YOUR LIFE...)"



"(...MY GREATEST GIFT, I SHARE WITH YOU...)"



"(...ANOTHER LIFE, I GIVE TO YOU...)"



"...KNOWING THAT IT MAY ONE DAY COST ME MY OWN..."

From Baaldur, with love...

GLORITH





B A T M A N

no. **four** of nine

January 2004

\$2.95 US \$4.50 CAN

Rucka & Janson

